

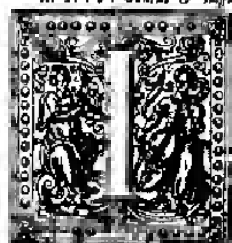


SECOND BOOK:
CONTAINING
DIALOGUES
For TWO VOYCES:

To be Sung to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Basse-Viol*.

A Dialogue betwixt Phillis and Clorillo.

A. 2. For *Canon & Basses.*

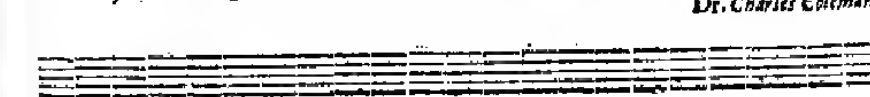
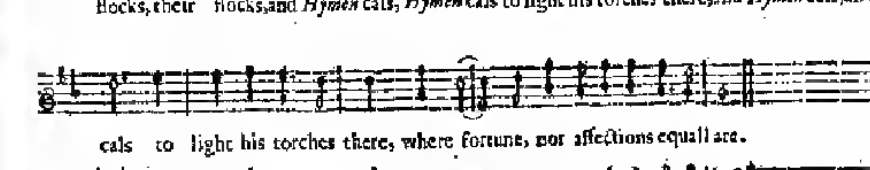
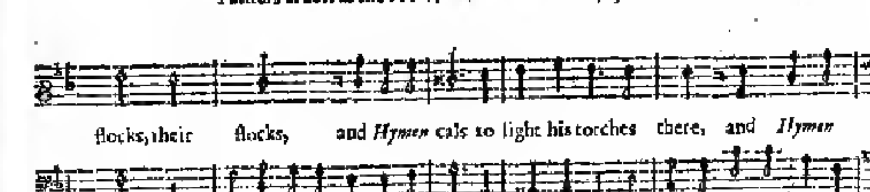
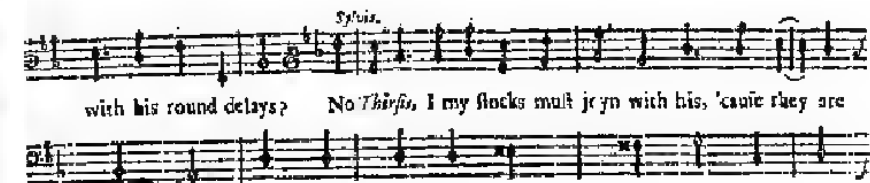
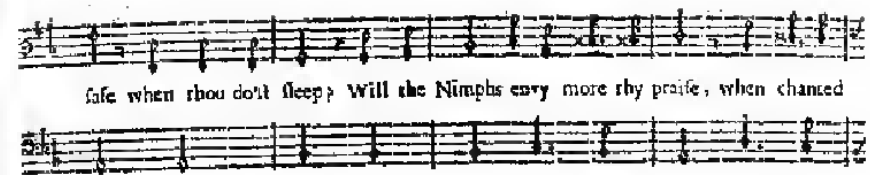
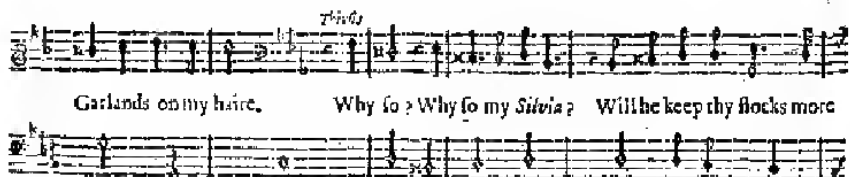
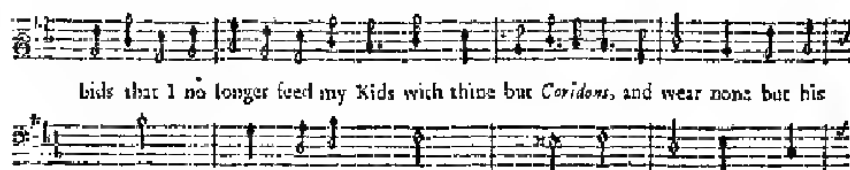
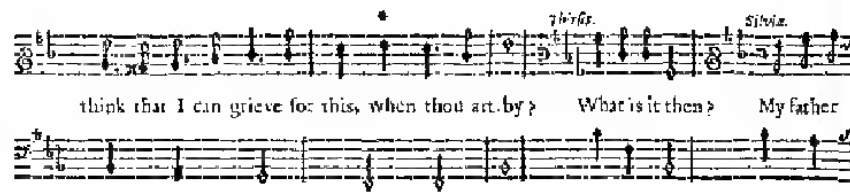
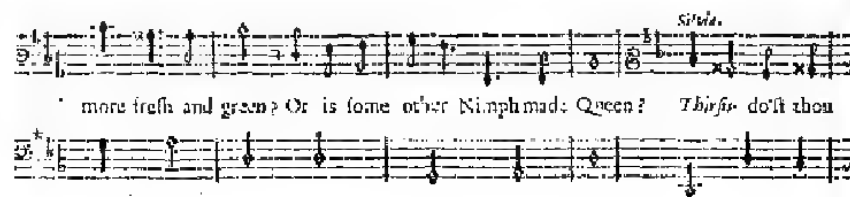
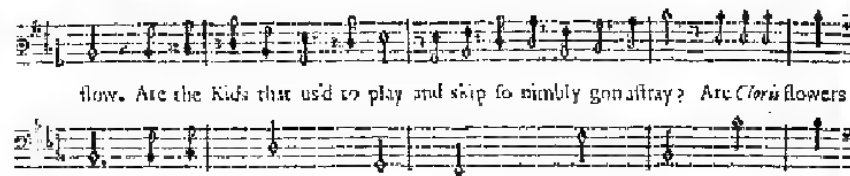
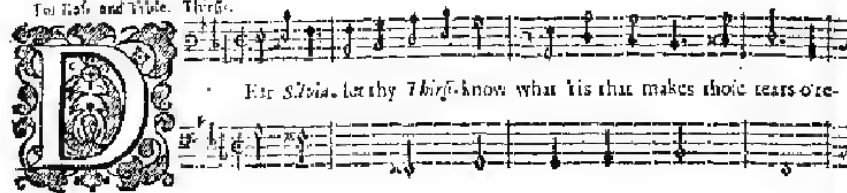


Phillis.
Prethee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell
Clorillo. *Phillis.*
First, let me have a kisse of thee, and I — will keep them well. If thou a while
but to my little flock will look, thou shalt have this imbroidred skirp and silver hook.

Clorillo. *Phillis.* *Clorillo.*
No other favour or reward I crave, but one poor kisse. A kisse thou must not have. And why
Phillis.
Such enticements Maids must fly: this Garland thou shalt have of Roses and of Lillies.
Clorillo.
Nor Skirp, nor Hook, nor Garland sweetest *Phillis*, do I require, to kisse thy flesh and
Phillis.
Ro-sie lip is onely my desire. Take then a kisse, and let me goe, till I return thy
Chorus together.
care upon my flocks beflow. Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire
Sweet sweet is that kisse that doth with true and just desire
as much a-nother give, as to it self require.
as much a-nother give, as to it self require.

A Dialogue between Silvia and Thirsis.

For Kids and Vile. Thirsis.



Dr. Charles Coleman.

A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon.

Strephon.
Come my *Daphne*, come away, we do waste the criftal day. 'Tis *Strephon* calls, what

Strephon.
 would my Love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* fhall prepare new chapters for thy

Daphne. *Strephon.*
 hair. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My *Shepherds* make

Strephon.
 hude, the minutes fide fo fall, In thofe cooler fhades, will I blind as *Cupid* kiffe your Eye.

Strephon. *Chorus.*
 In thy bofome then I'll ftay, in fuch warm fnow, who would not lofe his way? We'll laugh and

We'll laugh and
 leave this world behind, and gods themfelves that fee, fhall envy thee and me, but never find fuch
 leave this world behind, and gods themfelves that fee, fhall envy thee and me, but never find fuch

joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty. *Mr. Williams Lovers.*
 joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

A Dialogue between Shepherd and Shepherdess.

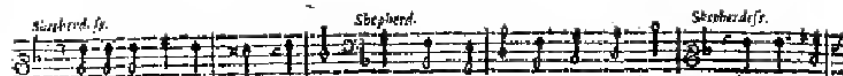
Shepherdess. *Shepherd.*
Rear food Swain, I cannot love. I ptehee fair one, tell me why

Shepherdess. *Shepherd.*
 thou art fo cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy fheep whilst

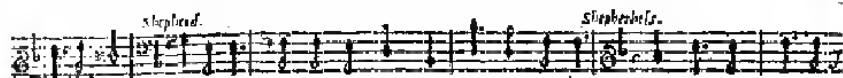
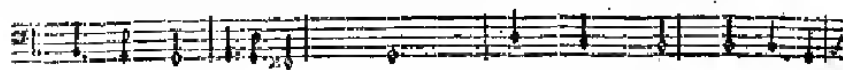
Shepherdess.
 thou fhalt play; Delight fhall make each Mometh a *May*. Thofe pleasant are unchriſty hours.

Shepherd.
 Thou fhalt have the choyceft flowers, wax and Honey, milk & wool, of ripeft fruits thy belly full.

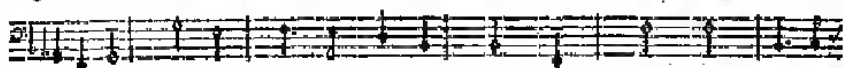
Shepherdess. *Shepherd.*
 My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not fo, but let them undiftin- guish go. *vert. fol.*



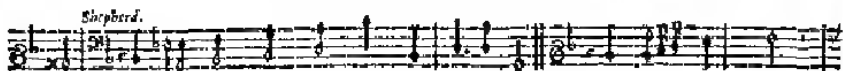
I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day I'll



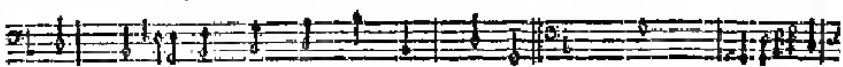
grant a life. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



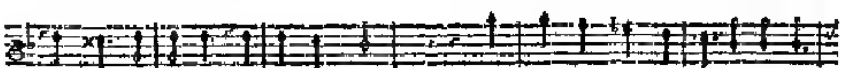
Chorus.



Ill. I shall, who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



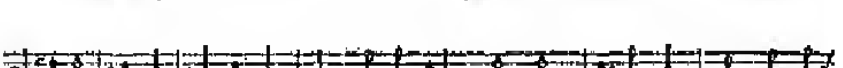
Then draw we



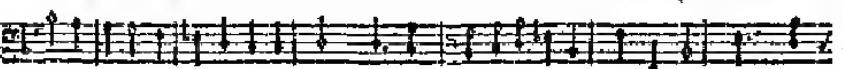
our flocks up higher, that we may pitch, That we may pitch our folds together.



both our flocks up higher, That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.



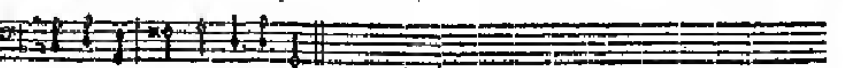
Amidst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blameless as our sheep, our selves as



Amidst our chaste embraces meet, Our selves as blameless as our sheep,



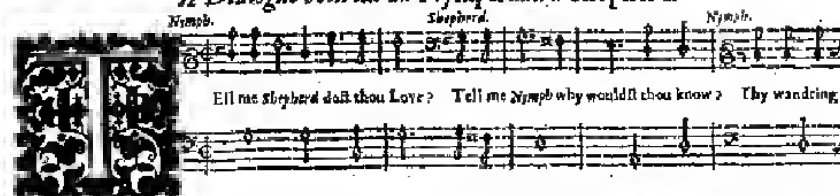
blameless as our sheep.



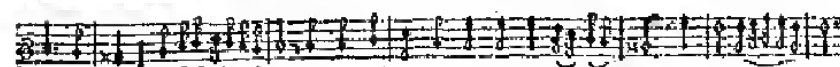
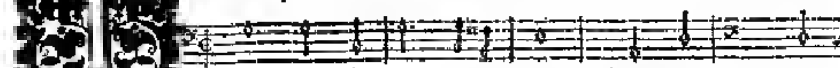
Our selves as blameless as our sheep.

Mr. William Cafar, alias Smuggergill.

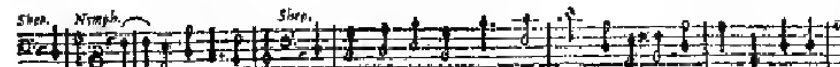
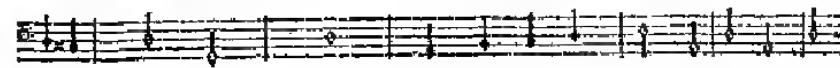
A Dialogue betwixt an Nymph and a Shepherd.



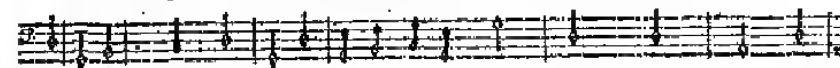
Ill me Shepherd dost thou Love? Tell me Nymph why wouldst thou know? Thy wandering



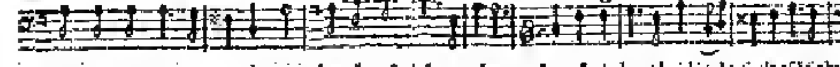
Flocks that without guide dost Rove thy blabb'd Eyes, that still with teares dost flow, makes me to ask.



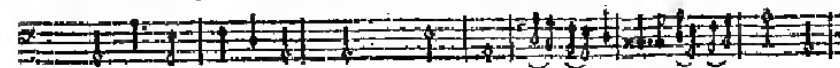
I do. Dear Shepherd tell me who? I Love a Nymph, from whose bright Eyes Pleas'd doth her brightness borrow.



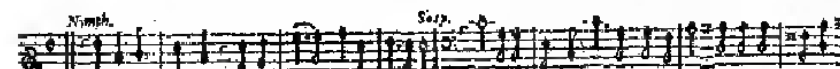
Chorus together.



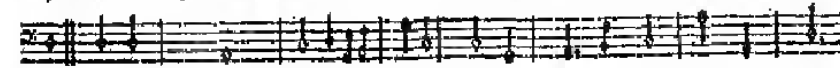
where Love did first my heart surprise, where since Eads fast my fesson. Love sits unknown within the circle of bright



Love sits in thow'd within the circle of bright



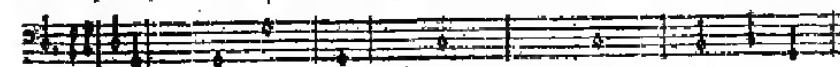
Eyes. Buerell me Shepherd, dost her Vertues Beauty equal? As she in Beauty dost all effects excel, so are her Vertues



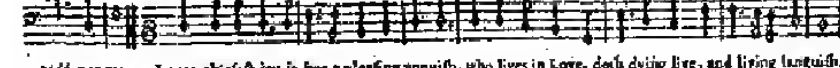
Eyes.



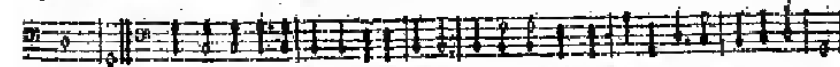
without parallel; Dost she disdain thee? No. Why grieve'st thou then? Because her love is only worthy of the



Chorus.



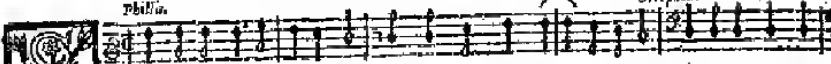
god, nor men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, dost dying live, and living languish.

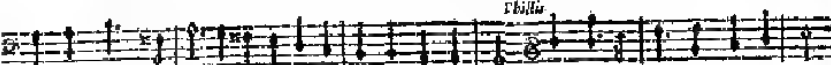



delect not men. Loves chiefest joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, dost dying live, and living languish.

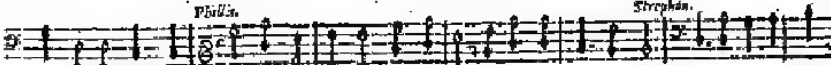
Mr. Nich. Lupton

A Dialogue between Strephon and Phillis.

Phillis.

 I heed in faith I cannot stay, my wandering flocks call me away. *Phillis.* I swear, since


Phillis.

 I have caught thee now, upon thy rosy lips I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by force

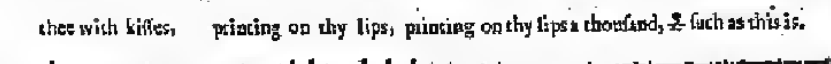
Strephon. *Phillis.* *Strephon.*

 constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I prethee *Strephon* leave me. Dear *Phillis*,

Phillis. *Strephon.*

 leave to condemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my self defend, Vain is all defence

Phillis. *Chorus.*

 and art. Cruel, cruel, thou dost of breath bereave me, Since I have thee e're I part,


Chorus.

 Since I have thee e're I part, I'll smother


Chorus.

 thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand such as this is.

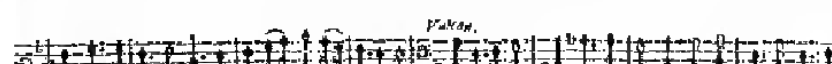
Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely Phillis, and kiss'd her breathless, and kiss'd her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.

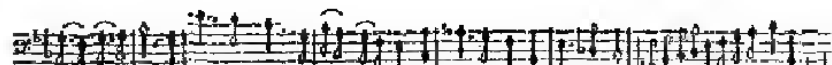
Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely Phillis, and kiss'd her breathless, and kiss'd her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.
 Mr. Nich. Laneart.

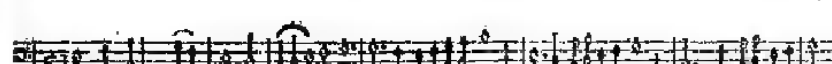
A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan.


Venus. *Vulcan.* *Venus.*

 Heav'n, Vulcan, O Vulcan, my Love! Who call! Who names me here, 'mong R Rince? Sweet, hear my

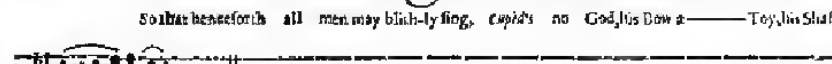
Venus. *Vulcan.*

 plaint, give forth my oath. Thy sacred power who dares dispense? Alas, forsaken Cupid's my wayward Son doth scorn

Vulcan.

 Loves just decree, my an' full heart and heavenly De-i-ty. Is he so bold, well, for thy sake, I that his Arrows heads have

Vulcan.

 used to make of piercing steel, which Lo- vers feel, will tempter lead, whose force is dull, and—stroke is dead,

Vulcan.

 So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, Cupid's no God, his Bow a—Toy, his Shaft no fearful

Chorus.

 thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, Cupid's no God, his Bow a—Toy, his Shaft

Chorus.

 So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, Cupid's no God, his Bow a—Toy, his Shaft

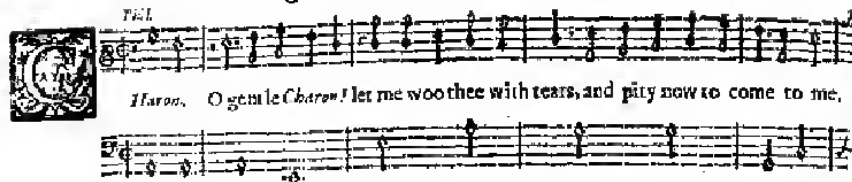
no—fearful thing.

Mr. William Lawce.

no—fearful thing.

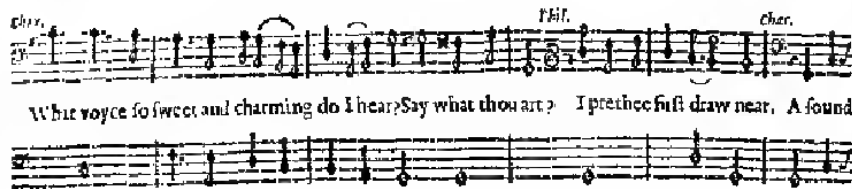
A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel.

Phil.



Charon. O gentle *Charon*! let me woo thee with tears, and pity now to come to me,

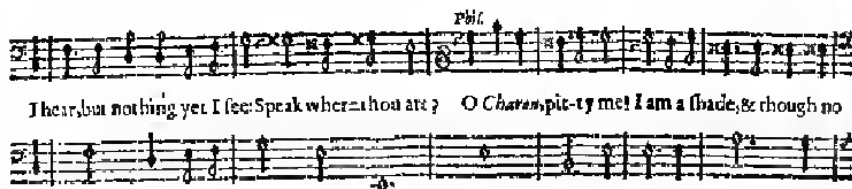
Char.



Phil. *Char.*

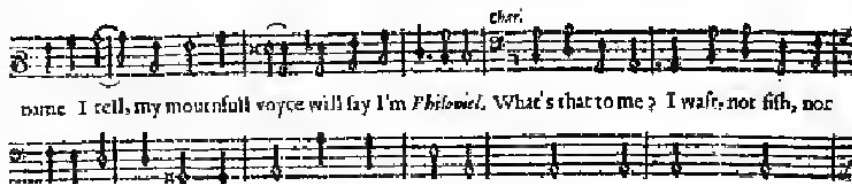
What voice so sweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art? I prethee fust draw near. A sound

Phil.



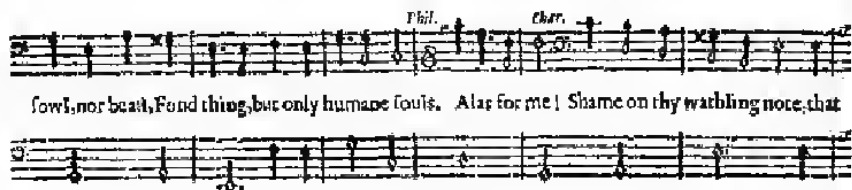
I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a shade, & though no

Char.



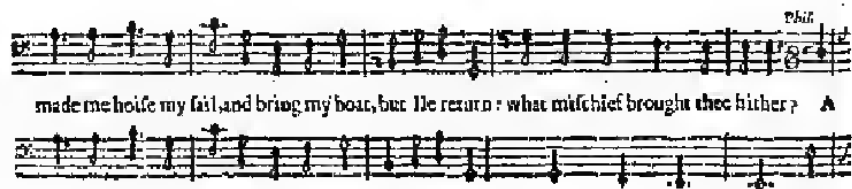
name I tell, my mournfull voice will say I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I waite, nor fish, nor

Phil. *Char.*



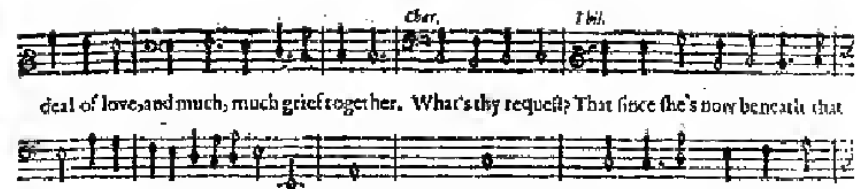
owl, nor beast, Fond thing, but only humane souls. Alas for me! Shame on thy wathing note, that

Phil.



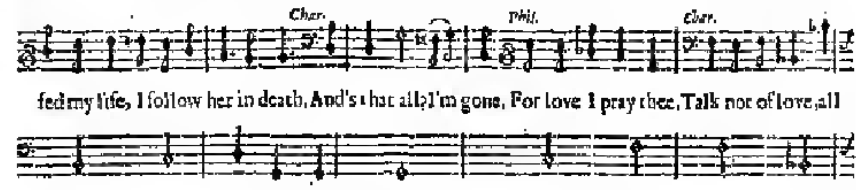
made me hoise my sail, and bring my boat, but He return: what mischief brought thee hither? A

Char. *Phil.*



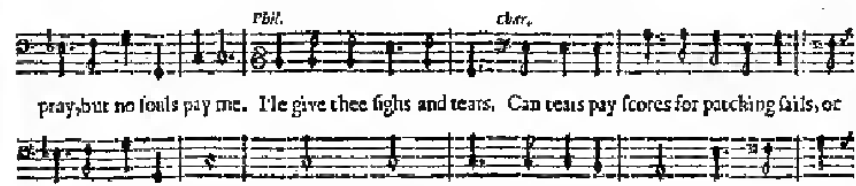
deal of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that

Char. *Phil.* *Char.*



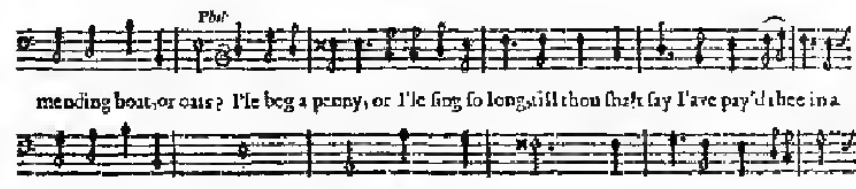
fed my life, I follow her in death, And's that all I'm gone, For love I pray thee, Talk not of love, all

Phil. *Char.*



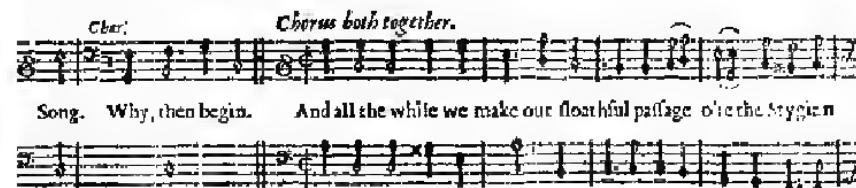
pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sails, or

Phil.



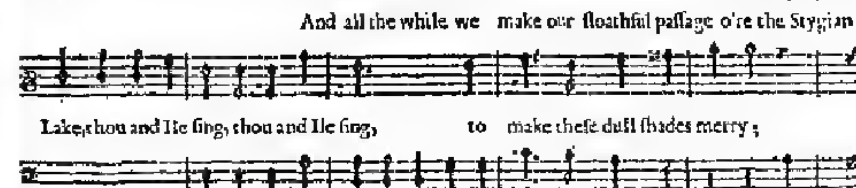
mending boat, or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've pay'd thee in a

Char. *Chorus both together.*



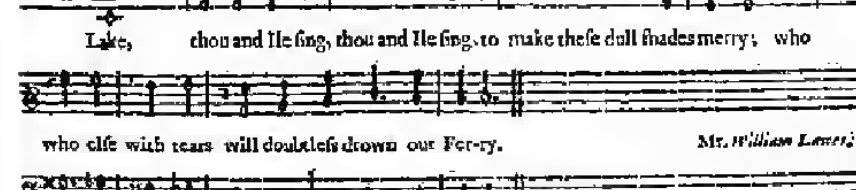
Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sloathful passage o'er the Stygian

Phil. *Char.*



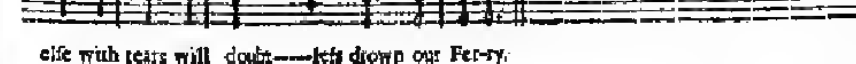
And all the while we make our sloathful passage o'er the Stygian

Phil. *Char.*



Lake, thou and He sing, thou and He sing, to make these dull shades merry;

Phil. *Char.*



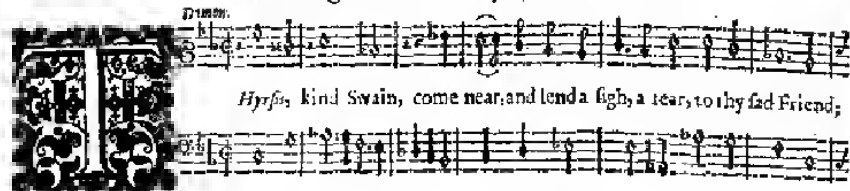
who else with tears will doubtless drown our Ferry.

Mr. William Lamer.

else with tears will doubt—lets drown our Ferry.

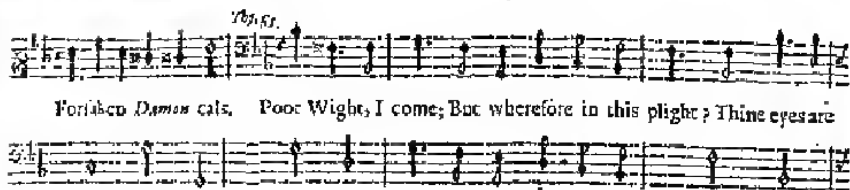
A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Damon.

Damon.



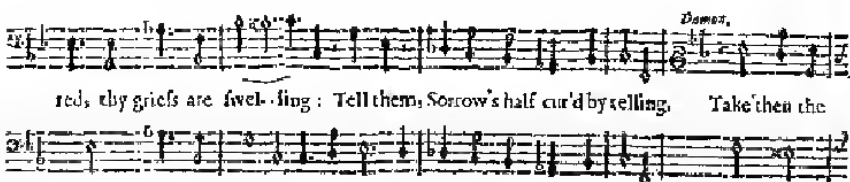
Thyrsis, Kind Swain, come near, and lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad Friend;

Thyrsis.



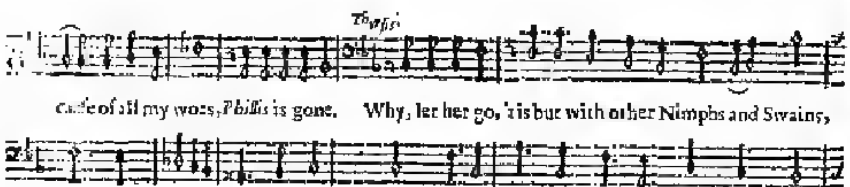
Forlorn Damon sits. Poor Wight, I come; But wherefore in this plight? Thine eyes are

Damon.

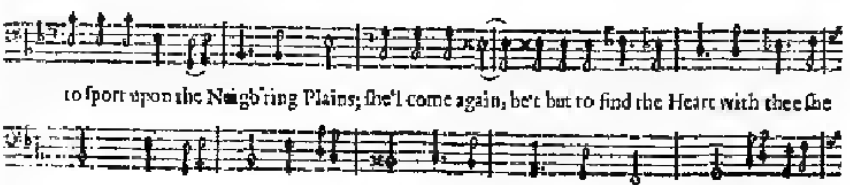


red, thy griefs are sweet-singing: Tell them, Sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the

Thyrsis.

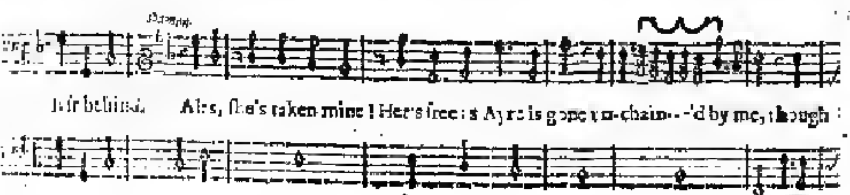


case of all my woes, *Phyllis* is gone. Why, let her go, 'tis but with other Nymphs and Swains,

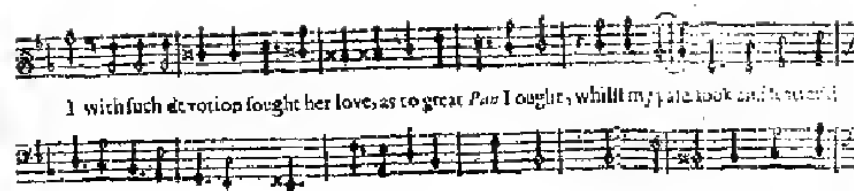


to sport upon the Neighbouring Plains; she'll come again, bet but to find the Heart with thee she

Damon.

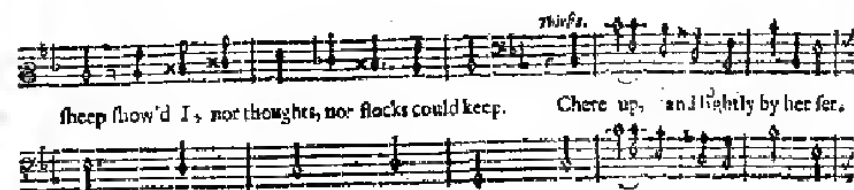


Isr behind. Alas, she's taken mine! Her's free: as *Ayr* is gone, y-chain'd by me, though



I with such devotion fought her love, as to great *Pan* I ought, whilst my pale look and weary

Thyrsis.

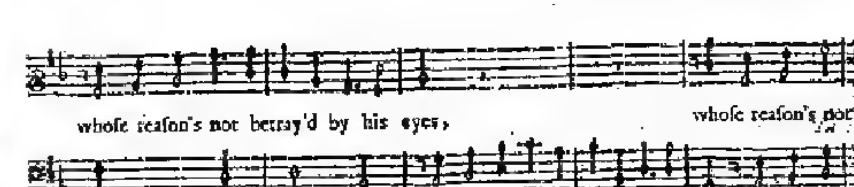


sheep shew'd I, nor thoughts, nor flocks could keep. Chere up, and I lightly by her ser.

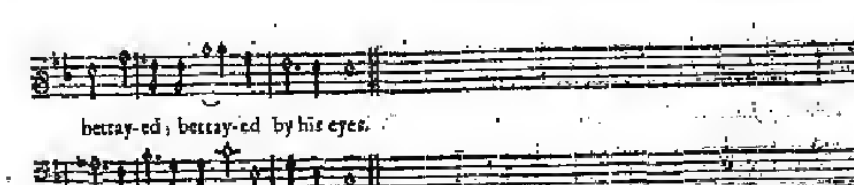
Damon. *Chorus.*



He never lov'd that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unries,



whose reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not



betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.

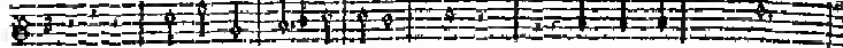
not betray'd, betray'd by his eyes.



Mr. William Caesar, alias Smegargill.

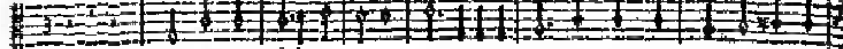
A Glee to Bacchus with Chorus for Three voices to be sung between every verse.

Cantus, Chorus.



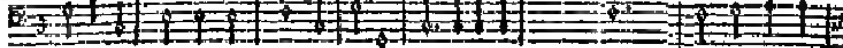
TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with wine and mirth

Tenor.

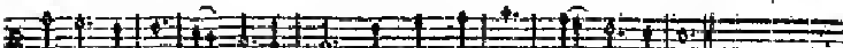


TO Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth with we'l conjure

Bass.



TO Bacchus, to Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth we'l conjure



we'l conjure him, we'l conjure him, with wine and mirth we'l conjure him.



we'l conjure him, we'l conjure him, with wine and mirth we'l conjure him.

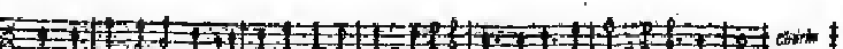
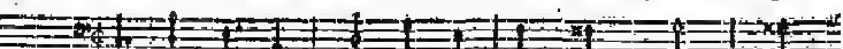


we'l conjure him, we'l conjure him, with wine and mirth we'l conjure him.

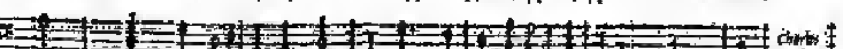
First verse.



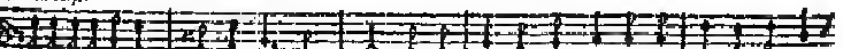
BY his Mothers Eye, and his Fathers Thigh, by her God brought to light, and his too glorious



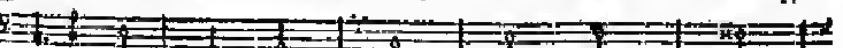
light, By Junos deceit, and by thy sad tears, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



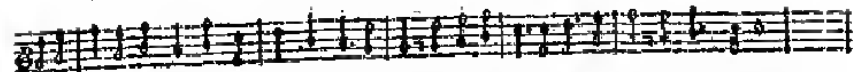
Second verse.



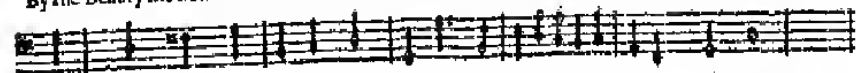
BY Ariadnes wrongs, and the false youths harms, by the Rock in his breast, and her tears fore oppress,



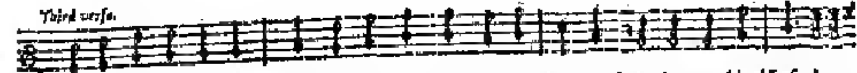
A Glee with Chorus for three voices to be sung to every verse.



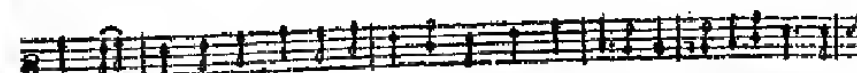
By the Beauty the Bed and the Pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



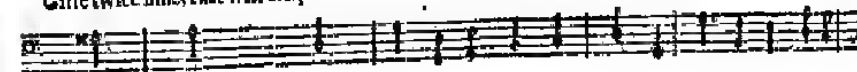
Third verse.



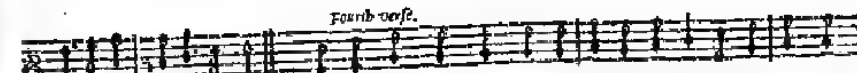
BY this purple Wine thus pour'd on the Shrine; and by this Beer glasse to the next kind Lads, by a



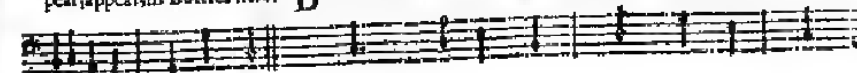
Girl twice nine, that will clasp like a Vine, that will clasp thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-



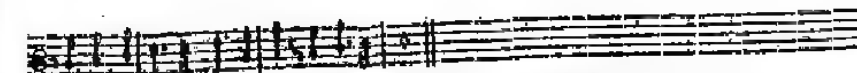
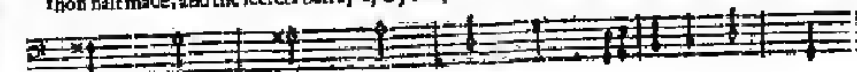
Fourth verse.



pear, appear, in Bottles here. **B**Y the men thou'lt won, and the women undone; By the friendship

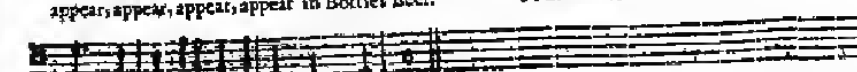


thou hast made, and the secrets betray'd; By the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow.

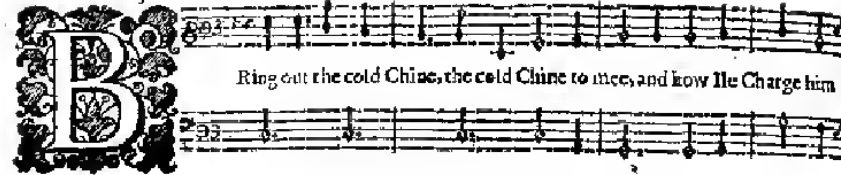


appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles Beer.

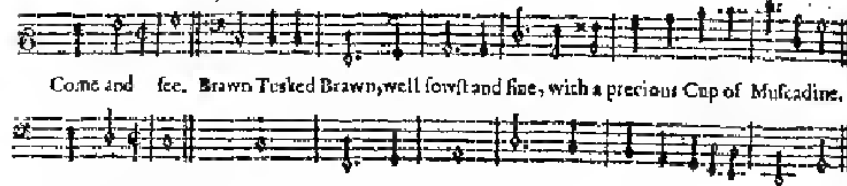
To Bacchus, &c.



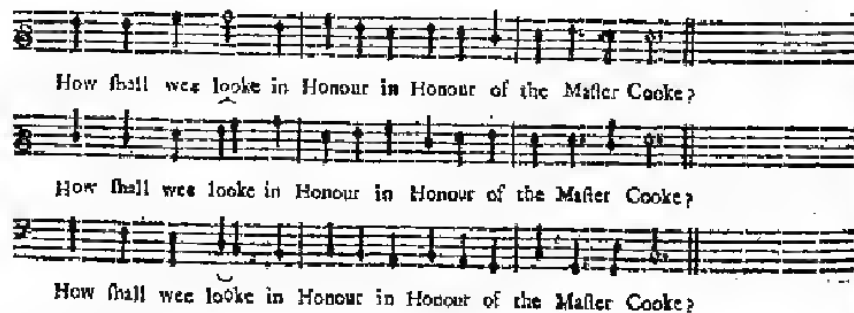
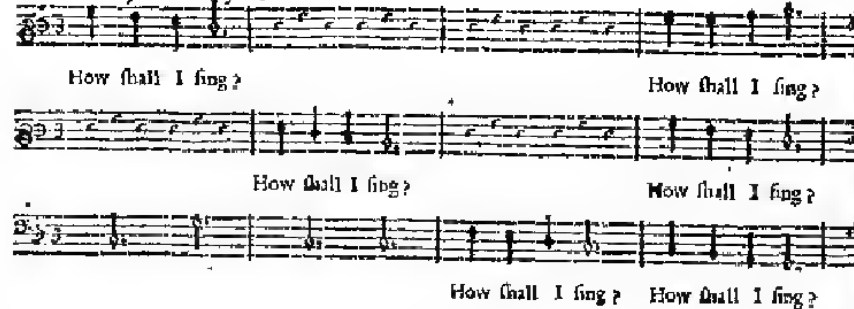
A Glee to the Cook,

A. 3. 1st. First Treble.

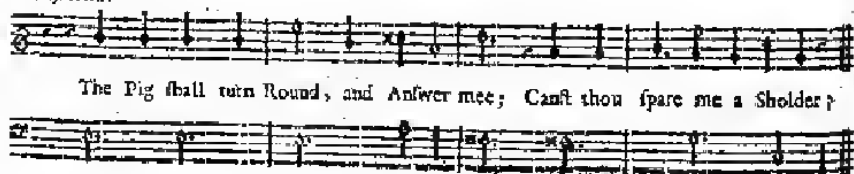
Softly alone.



Chorus for three Voyces.

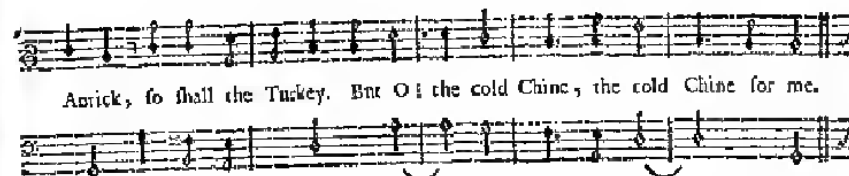
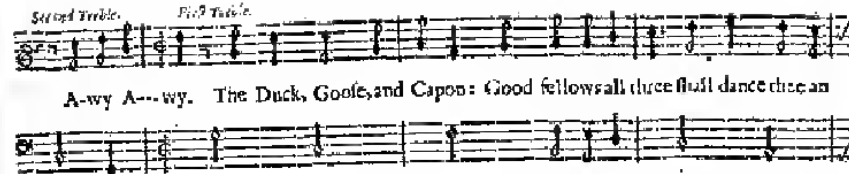


First Treble.

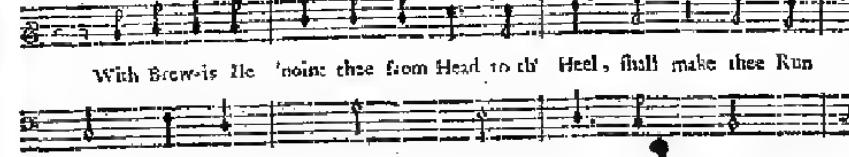


Second Treble.

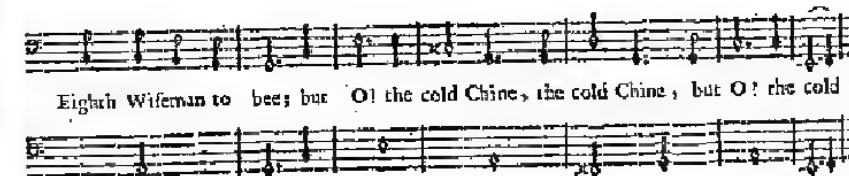
First Treble.



Second Treble.



Rit. Adagio.



Chorus of three Voyces again.



Dr. John Wilson

The Tinker.

A: Mel. Bass and Treble.



E that a Tinker a Tinker a Tinker would be, let him leave other

Loves, and come listen to me: Though he travel all the Day, he comes Home late at

Night, and Datties, and Datties with his Doxey, and Dreams of Delight. His Pot and his

Toft in the Morning he takes and all the Day long good Musick he makes: He wanders the

World to Wakes and to Fairs, and casts his Cap, and calls his Cap at the Court and her

Care. When to the Town the Tinker doth come, O! how the wanton Wenches run,

O! how the warron Wenches run.

Sings alone.

Some bring him basons, some bring him boles; all Wenches pray him to stop up their holes,

Chorus.

Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle

Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer. Come bring me the Copper Kettle

for the Tinker, the Tinker, the Merry Merry Tinker,

for the Tinker, the Tinker, the Merry Merry Tinker, O! he is the Man of Mettle,

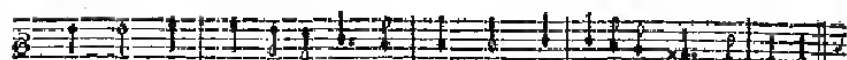
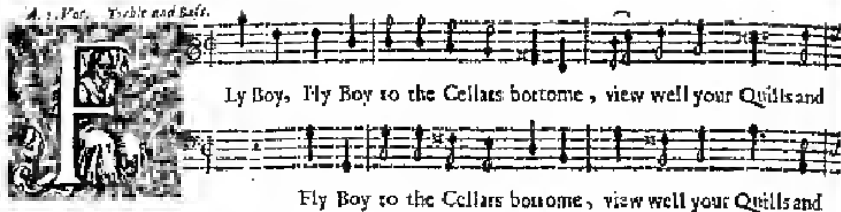
O! he is the Man of Mettle.

O! he is the Man of Mettle.

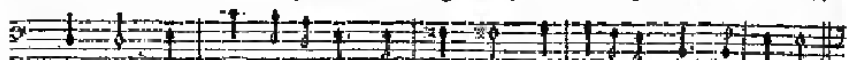
Dr. John Wilson.

A Glee.

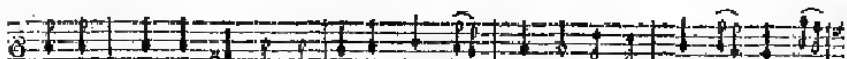
A. 3. Voc. Treble and Bass.



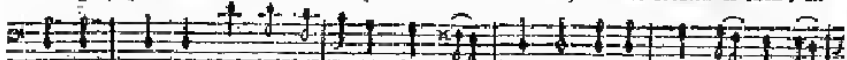
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



If the Quills run soule, be a trully Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

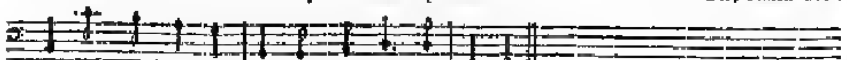


If the Quills run soule, be a trully Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Mr. Simon Ives.



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;
being *Dialogues and Glee*s for two Voices,
to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.



THIRD BOOK,

CONTAINING

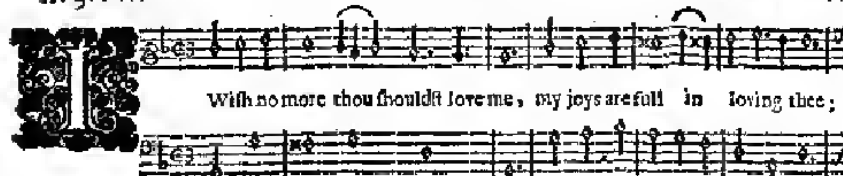
Short *ATRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

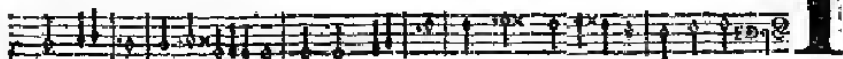
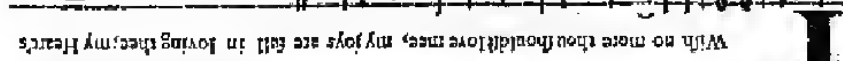
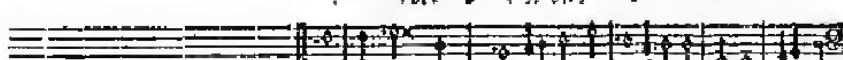
Mr. William Webb.



my Heart's too narrow to contain my blis, if thou shouldst love again.



too narrow to contain my blis, if thou shouldst love again.

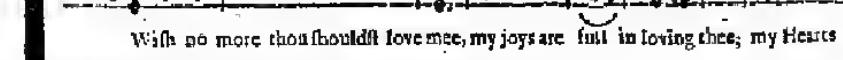
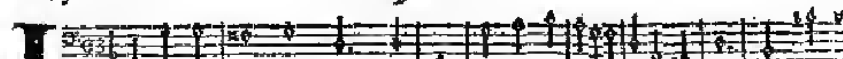


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



too narrow to contain my blis, if thou shouldst love again.

A *